

GILLEN MCKELVIE WILSON COWLES

THE
WICKED
+
DIVINE
THE



ISSUE 5 \$3.50



WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID, TARA?



"IF YOU EXIST, YOU'RE STARING AT ME."



IT'S ONLY BECAUSE NO ONE CAN BELIEVE YOUR SHITTY BOOB JOB.

HIGHBURY & ISLINGTON.
1 MILE, A COFFEE AND FOUR
CIGARETTES AWAY FROM
HOLLOWAY PRISON.



BUT I
DO KNOW
HOW YOU
FEEL.

Luci had been
walking. Not quickly.
Strolling.

"Do as thou wilt" she said
in the Vine she posted to *my*
account on *my* phone as she
stepped through the hole in
prison wall.

The police
couldn't do
anything to
stop Luci.

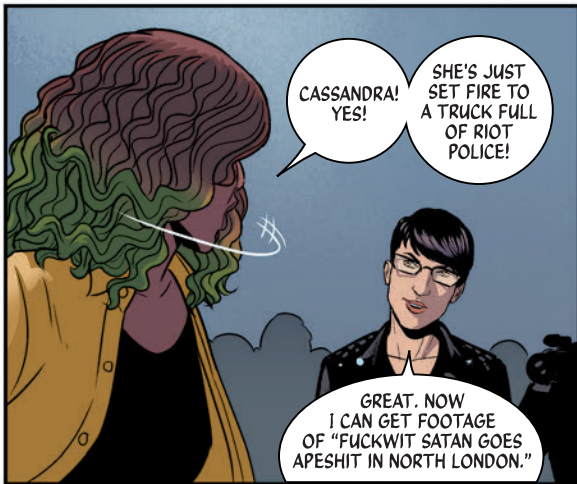


They made do with stopping everyone else from getting near.

LET US THROUGH! PLEASE. I CAN TALK HER DOWN. I KNOW I CAN.

LET US--

IS SHIT STILL BEING FLUNG AT THE FAN?



CASSANDRA! YES!

SHE'S JUST SET FIRE TO A TRUCK FULL OF RIOT POLICE!

GREAT. NOW I CAN GET FOOTAGE OF "FUCKWIT SATAN GOES APESHIT IN NORTH LONDON."



FOR FUCK'S SAKE! SHE'S GOING TO GET HERSELF KILLED! CAN'T YOU HAVE SOME FUCKING SYMPATHY?

REALLY? AFTER THE "IS THAT YOUR REAL NAME?" BULLSHIT, LUCIFER CAN GO FUCK--

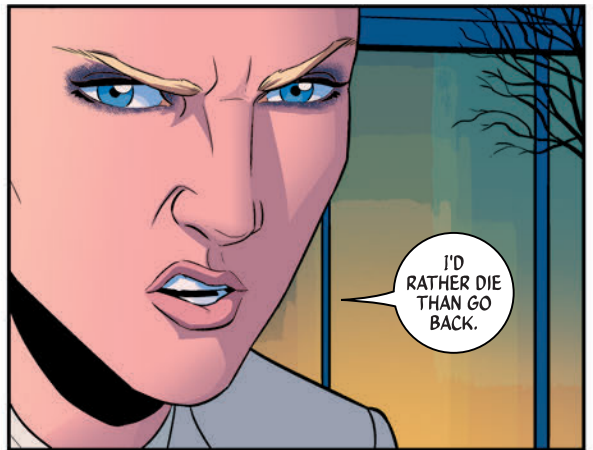
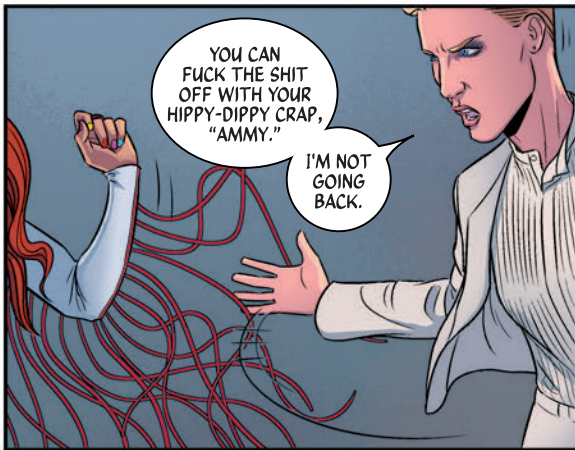
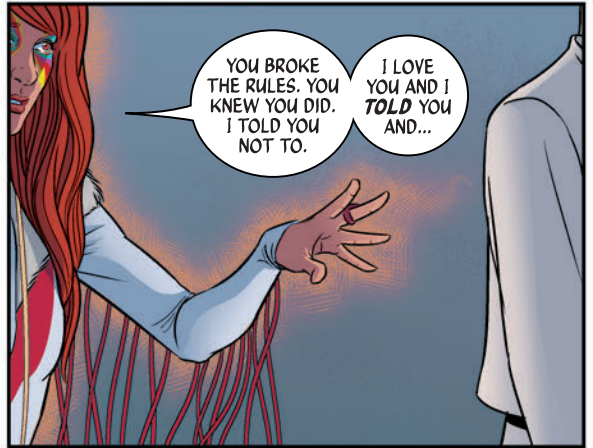


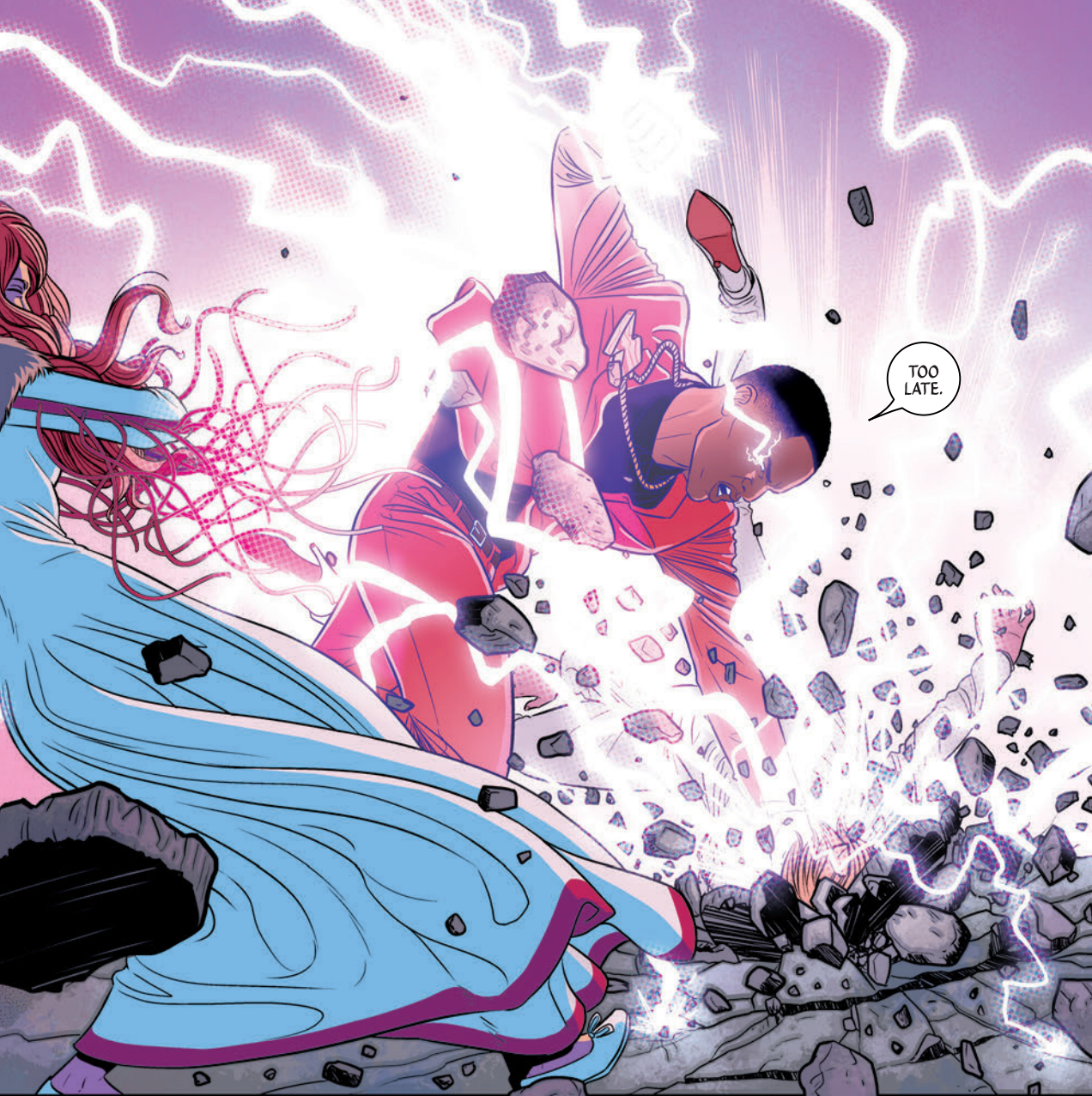
GODDESS COMING THROUGH! AND...

HEY, LOZ! CASSY! NO TIME TO CHAT!

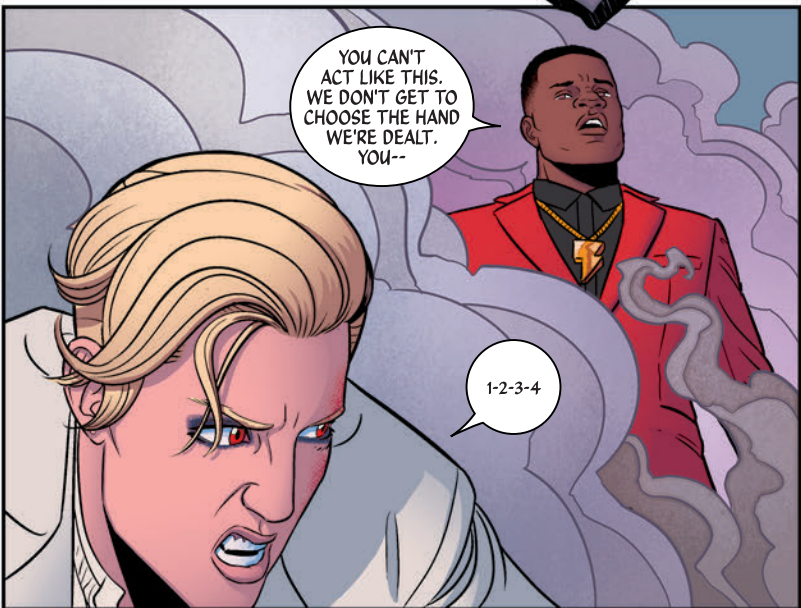


NEED TO HAVE A WORD WITH LADY LUCIFER.



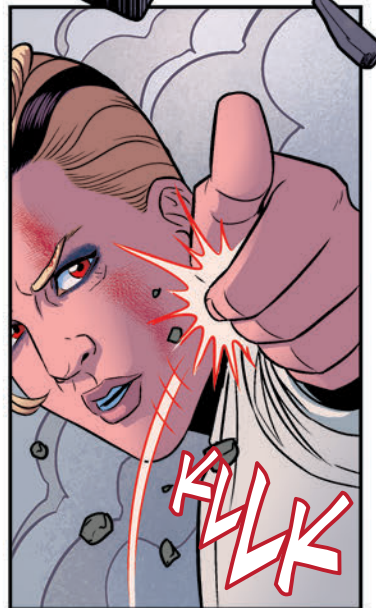


TOO LATE.

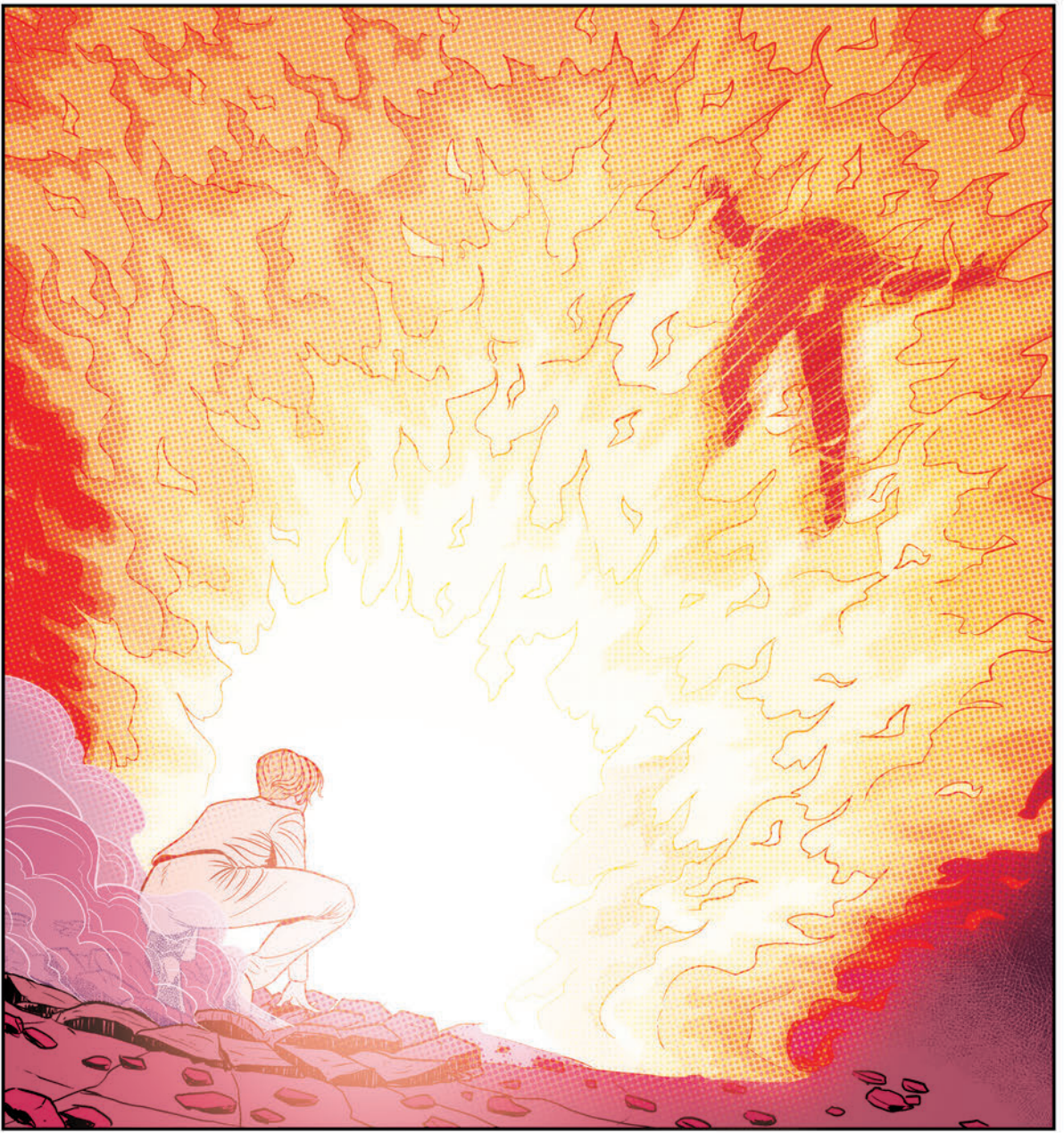


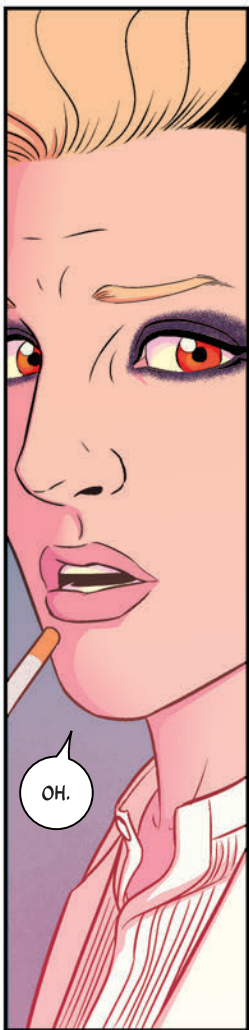
YOU CAN'T ACT LIKE THIS. WE DON'T GET TO CHOOSE THE HAND WE'RE DEALT. YOU--

1-2-3-4

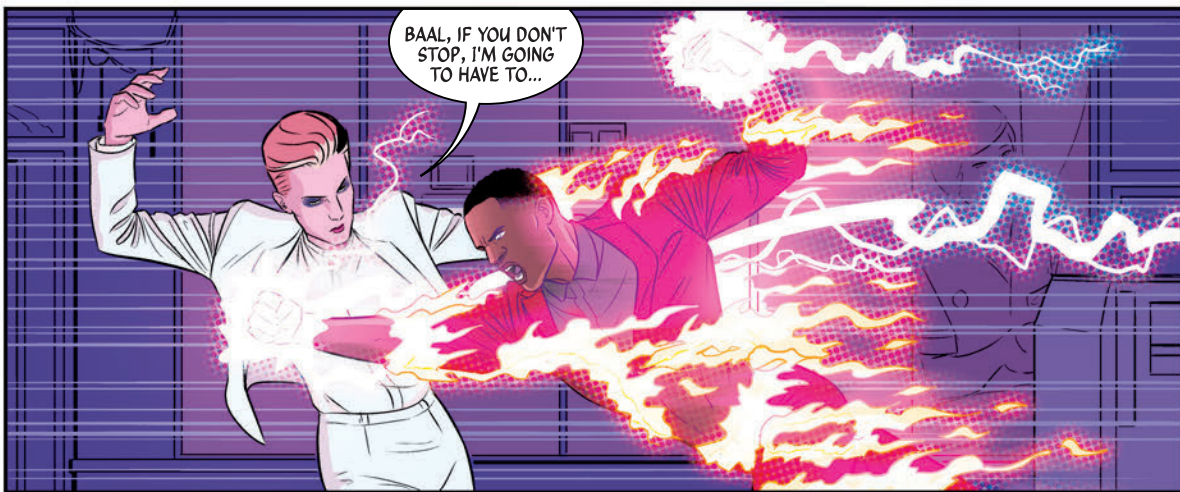


KLLK

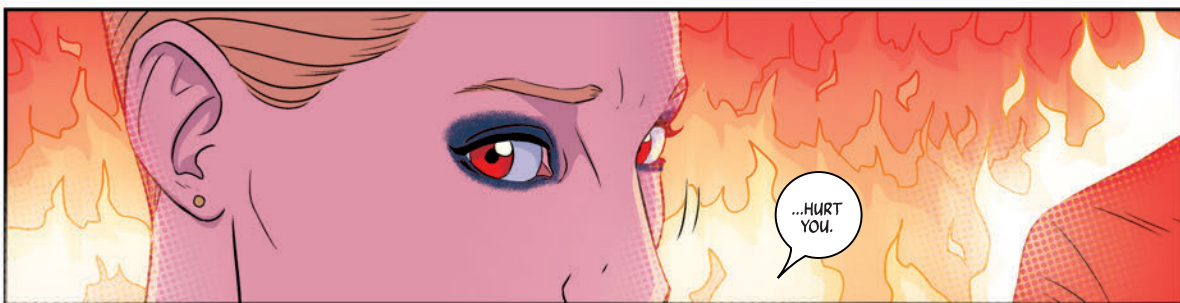




OH.



BAAL, IF YOU DON'T STOP, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO...



...HURT YOU.

